CHAPTER XXI (Continued.) Our Antidote.

While holding one of his levees Said Satan to his deputies: How comes it, though, from every A goodly number you send down.

But very rew we have of late From Frisco put upon the grate, And yet, their churchman says: 'Begorra. Its worse than Sodom and Gomorrah'?

"What alls the city by the sea?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?"
Awe-stricken sflence was prevailing,
Till one black devil leaped forth quali-

"Great Master, though thy wrath-I, risk, oh, I am the chap from San Francisca, It's not that I my praise would sing, But ne'er we had a better thing,

"Until some thirty years, or later, There came to town a navigator, Wise as they make them in the Hub-And founded the Bohemian Club.

"He was so genial, is so jolly,
From New Year's to the Feast of
Holly,
He speaks to saints, he speaks to He even speaks at artists' dinners!

"His cheer is taking, like sthe Grippe, A kind word always on his lip. Amusing wit. gall not a minim, No spiteful thought, it is not in him.

The weaving spiders come not there, His laugh cremates the duliest care, This is the reason, Master, why Those Frisco people fight you shy."

"If that's the case," old Satan cries,
"Id like to see him. Bless my eyes,
If he were here, I know it well,
All folks from heaven would go to hell.

"Bring him to me—and quickly, too!
Or thou thy treason soon shall rue."
Just then an angel who was sent
To gather tears shed in report,

For him whom you would like to meet We have reserved a front alsie seat,

But scores of years will yet pass by Till that seat he will occupy, For he's a mission to fulfill. Bring mirth to mankind, and good will.

"To obser the old and warm their heart And teach the young life's noble art, So you may many a trap yet forge. You'll never catch our Uncle George." —Dr. Julius Rosenstirn.

(By Telegraph.) Some five and twenty years have fied Since first we pledged together, Our heards are gray, our noses red, Our hearts light as a feather.

Three score, a decade and a five, Such years to but a few come, Half a century a greeting sends To Bromley, this from Newcomb. Albany, N. Y. (The Capitol.)

May all the winds from South and East,

From North and our own West,

Play kindly on thy gentle head,
The gentlest and the best!
The frost of age may touch thy locks,
But in this brimming bowl We share, the years can never change
Thy youthful, buoyant soul.
—Dan O'Connell.

The Good-Ship "Uncle George." (Launched April 14, 1895.) Many moons have waxed and waned on many an Easter morn, And winters' frosts chained take and

The rock that crowns that mountain crest, and looks down on the vale. The forest tree that towers aloft, de-

fiant of the gale, he mighty sea that ebbs and flows, and frets its iron coast. To whom the rolling centuries are but an hour at most All withstands the tyrant change, the boldest and the best.

Are typical of our old friend, Bohe-mia's Priest and Guest.

What, though the hand of Time has touched those locks once glossy Twas but to place upon his brow a shining silver crown; And though the voice be not as clear.

as when at sea it trolled. The tale of "Shinbone Alley" still is musically told.

The loves of Sally and of Jack upon the billows' foam,
And how the good ship went in stays, and how "The Cows Come Home."

That staunch craft, "Uncle George," has aye luffed to the freshening

breeze, And o'er its bows in gleeful love have climbed the laughing seas, The "Uncle George," with all sail set, and bowlines all hauled taut,

And weather leaches quivering has never gone about;
But with sheets aft, and tacks boused down, its cargo, love and mirth,
Has pointed to the Port of Right, as needle points the North.
And when it backed its foresail, with the jib across the deck,

Twas but to take some friend aboard from Sorrow's sinking wreck.

And greet him at the gangway, and bid him welcome aft.

And make him owner in the mirth that filled that Joyous Craft.

When heaven frowned and winds blew fierce and tore at shroud and

sail.

The "Uncle George" has bounded on, defiant of the gale.

Let timid sailors furl and reef and to the mad waves lie. The "Uncle George's" skipper shouts: "Lad, keep her full and by."

"Lad, keep her full and by."
Let other vessels square away, and
for snug harbor run.
The "Uncle George" has kept her
course until the gale was done.
And when the bell fine dog-watch told,
the skipper heaved the log.
Sounded the pumps, the royals set, and
piped all hands to grog.
And saw the breakers on his lee fade
slowly out of view.

slowly out of view, And boldly bid the steersman then to "luff a point or two," Long may that vessel staunch endure to ride life's stormy seas, Before, the Port of Joy and Song, be-

hind, the favoring breeze, Her pennant streaming high aloft, and sound her running gear, Her timbers knowing not decay, and good for many a year. Her suchor chain, its links our hearts, was fashioned at the forge Of Love and Friendship, strong to moor the good craft "Uncle George."

-Daniel O'Connell Easter Sunday, 1895. (Read at the Lambs' Club dinner,

given to me when I visited New York, My Dear Uncle George: 1895.)

Her valleys of despair.

Mad mistress of a million lives

What conquests she can boast

Even while many a shattered bark

Lies wrecked upon her coast.

Bohemia, Bohemia Sends now a new delight, Her Patriarch from the Golden Gate Breaks bread with us tonight. In touch with those Bohemians there Who eagerly await A toast from us of '95 To him of '78,

So little understood.

What tales your brave embassador
Could tell us if he would.
Of wine and wit, and wisdom, too—
The kind that never cloys—
Their meaning, "Good Time, Boys."

My Dear Uncle George:

Bohemia, Bohemia,

The Club that bears your name
Stands in the line of fellowship
Far up in the ranks of Fame
With, hand of brotherhood outstretche

In honest scorn of shams-It's given refuge in the past To many wandering Lambs.

Bohemia, Bohemia, We pray that you'll allow Our guest to reach the Century mark
As hale as he is now.
So here's a health to Uncle George,
And might he, night and day,
Feel the warm pressure of our hands
Three thousand miles away.

—Edward E. Kidder.
New York, Sept. 22, 1895.

(80th Birthday Poem.) Here, with good cheer and humor, Bohemia's feast is spread,
In honor of its hale High Priest, its venerated head; And, with glad song and story, wan' care left far behind, to celebrate the age of one who gentle

Phere others are, dear Uncle George who know far more than you.

And what is worse, they will insist on telling of it, too;

Still others yet have far more gold to whistle down the wind But never one that helped others more, so gentle and so kind.

Long years ago, in boyhood's days, a fond-remembered past.
You ate your hash and smoked your pipe, a lad before the mast:
The shellbacks growled around you, and swore 'till they were blind;
Yet you "chawed on" and puffed in peace, so gentle and so kind.

And when the choo-choo cars ran You navigated all the train, first up the track, then down;

it quite well;
When guests skipped out with bills There's Bromley, Uncle George,"
unpaid, you did not seem to mind.
You let them slide, and took a drink—
Thet's past the age when most men die.

In sunshine and in shade.

You never yet have failed to cheer the friends that you have made; Long may you live! Long may you beam! You've taught, and we've re-

To toil and struggle and to be more o toil and struggic gentle and more kind.

-W. G. Stafford.

(A "Round Robin" from the Lambs' Club, New York.)

stream since Uncle George was born.
And many a rose its leaves has shed upon the parent earth.
And many a bird its carol trilled of leving and of mirth.
And kings have died, and new kings reigned, and all the passing show
Of human life has glided by in varied with a spontaniety that would delight

(From Frank Unger.)

With Harry G. In far-off E. Will drink you health At eigthy-three.

-(Hugo Toland with Harry Gillig.) On fair Bohemia's rocky shores, A beacon light you stand, Guiding the traveler from afar-flaming torch—a shining star-

To reach the promised land, —Edward Kidder. The owls come home together like Several pairs of shears.

And Sally in her alley gaily tells—
How she hears the cows a-coming
Homeward from the bar— With a Jingle and a jangle of the bells, Hells bells.

This day they celebrate, And "easy, my men, easy," ring the bells— And every heart rejoices as it Wishes you good luck-With each tingle and each tangle of

Easter bells. -(Tommy Ruhm.)

To George T. Bromley, Esq. Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the two shall meet Fill Earth and Sky stand presently God's great Judgment Seat; But there is neither East nor West Border nor Breed nor Birth, brings life from the ends of the

(Adapted from Rudyard Kipling.) Out from the salty spuming Sound, Seeking to girdle the whole earth round, Jason, hunting the Golden Fleece; Odysseus, haunting the Isle

Magellan, searching out unknown Vasco de Gama, while Europe waits, So sailed a sailor, fraught with life, Vigorous substance and joy of strife, Full of deathless! Full of the East! Full of good sap, and of Yankee yeast.

There have been some Georges-England's four Filled her limit—and something more-America's scroll leads in its flame Washington, greatest and first of the

Bancroft, in history's indelible ink; whose eloquence made others Now, as the latest handiwork of her forge, Fame gives one Dewey—the pre-name

still George.
But Bohemia, still, 'mid the struggle and strife. Walts calm and serene in the bustle of

fire. And quatts the red wine as she stands to the toast: "There's only one GEORGE—He's the pride of the Coast,"

-L. J. B. Lincoln.

April, 1900. We have wandered and talked to-gether under the great Redwoods for nearly twenty rears—a part of my We love her mountain tops of joy, life, a little space of yours, and but an

instant in the lives of the trees themselves. Out of the myriad of happenings of these years of friendship between us three, I have become a little jealous, and do you know of what?—of the closer union between the other two, yourself and the trees. They have given to you of their riggedness, their grandeur and benignity, and you have permeated them with the geniality and sweetness of your nature. Ah! dear Uncle George. I have one great consolation. It is impossible for this union to be broken. The centuries may pass like a marching host, but so long as the trees remain there you shall be always to me my mortal, immortal and imperishable friend and to Bohemia, the great emblem of her genius and her strength.

—"Joe" Redding.

They say that time and tide wait for none. It may have silvered your gray locks, but it has not dimmed your eyes nor aged your young heart, which will ever be young to those that love you. Count me in: and may your birthdays come thick and fast as the yours of dying by and your remain. years go flying by, and you remain with us until we all go together.

—(Julian Rix.)

Dear Uncle George:

Do you remember me?
I shall never forget
You. And my name is
—Stuart Robson.

When you've brought the cattle home, when you've sung "Weigh O! My Bully!"

And the wine-cup circulates around the feast. turn your thoughts a moment, just a moment, if you please, us 'absent-bodied beggars' in the East.

Tho' we've wandered from the ow!'s wing, and strayed so far afield. In spirit we are "wid you" just the

same.

May the good Lord always love you and not call you too soon,
Uncle George, the first and best of all the game,
Altho' today you reckon some four score years and three.

May you add a thousand to that, a thousand and a day.
This is the wish of the undersigned in far away New York,
Here's to you, Uncle Georgey! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

—("Cosy" Noble.)

I went daown East, jest 'tother day To see the folks—New London way— Old Gran'pa Nash, that's ninety-four, An' Gran'ma Ames that's that or more.

A' oldish kind of man was there, With ruddy face an' rakish air, Who sald he'd heerd I'd been t' th Coast, An' ast if 'twasn't a foolish boast To say the climate of the Slope Became a sort of long-life dope.

the track, then down;
If passengers spat on the floor, or tried some fault to find.
You helped them find it, if you could, so gentle and so kind.
Then you became a Boniface, and ran a real hotel.
And, like fabled Ripley, you managed it outte well:

And like fabled Ripley, you managed it outte well:

And the fabled Ripley is a series of the Slope Became a sort of long-life dope.
So I jest up an' spoke right aout.
An' told him what we hragged abaout.
"Of course," I said, "'tain't nat'ral 'tail'
Thet folks sh'd live frever 'n all,
But this much can be truly told—
The though they die—they don't grow

ough old in years—he's jest a boy In all the walks of life, sweet sou!, Thet fairly frolics in youth's joy."
In sunshine and in shade,
You never yet have falled to cheer
Wall, you do brag, as I've been told.

> - Joseph R. Grismer. (To Uncle George Bromley on His Eighty-fourth Birthday.)

ia laughs at Time once more. Nor heeds the grim Scythe-bearer's

With hearts elate and pride galore.
Ho! brave old boy of eighty-four.
Across tihs festive board we greet High Priest of fun and frolic, he Neath frescoed walls or greenwoo Will bivouse on the field of battle.

What would the fete without him be? Then let us give him three times And make the clinking glasses

Hail, stalwart Sire! with face benign, As mellow as Falernian wine, And sparkling as the Widow

Cliquot; Long may we hear that voice of thine As in the days of Auld Lang Syne, in the days of Auld Lang Syne, Long life to thee, my old amigo. —Lucius Harwood Foote.

(1817-Bromley-1901.)

Thro' years that never aught but manly luster shed. whom we feast today hath laughed at Time.

And with the reaper in his hand lop-ped off the head Of each conspiror 'gainst the bond That binds man's heart to man's. Thro' days and nights and weeks and

months of merry years, That rugged heart of his could only For Friendship and for Friendship's cause. Nor sighs nor tears Have stilled its endless flow of na-

ture sweet That held Bohemia's clans. Through countless revels that were bigwith song and wit.
His voice rang out the bilthest of the best: His tongue found words as sage a Plato ever writ, His soul enlisted in an endless quest

For spirits tuned to joy: Made every atmosphere he breathed a word of cheer; Wreathed in smiles. Men loved his better far Than ever woman loved her lord. For

none sincere
As Friend-love, which no jealous just can mar. Nor passion's thrill alloy.

vigor drowned in wine.

And strong men's wits transformed to tongueless things.

His rum-proof mind, as tho controlled by hands Divine,

Poured thro his lips as smoothly as on wines. on wings.

The quips of jest and song.

Then when the nascent day dethroned the waning night.

And glared on kings of revelry laid

This King of Kings triumphant, swayed the merry fight,
And wit and song rang still in joyous flow
As thro' the whole night long,

from one to eighty-four. This good old man hath lived withwho scoffs at Friendship, care

destroying lore, closes mind and ear its worth Or rails at all emotion.

And thre' the coming years—(please God, a score at least,)—
Let us each matal in revel meet,
Unite our hearts and souls, dear George, in joyous feast.

And till the next, be all your joys as full and sweet

And boundless as the ocean.

—Clay M. Greene.

Santa Clara April 12 1981. Or rails at all emotion.

Santa Clara, April 12, 1991

(85th Birthday.) Time's record shows, when colsely

conned.

Fair women and brave men
Who loved and laughed long years
beyond
The Psalmist's three-score-ten.
With added age they seemed to thrive
And did their youth renew;
The God who keeps the saint alive
Preserves the sinner, too.

We bar the partriarchs who trod
The earth before the flood;
And Mammon's slavish sons who plod
Through life with stagnant blood;
Sainted or sordid never feel
The pulse with rapture rife,
When Hebe's rich, red lips reveal
The lore that lengthens life.

That secret murmured in the breeze
That kissed the crested tide
When Cytherea trod the seas,
And it has never died.
To Dionysos it was told
And in his flagon flushed.
When from the gurnle strange of old When from the purple grapes of old its meaning first was crushed.

It taught the Teian and he laughed At Chosnos' dismal chime; It rippled from the cup he quafted In many a glowing rhyme; Venus and Bacchus at each shrine He worshipped oft and long. Saw beauty flushing in the wine And crowned her with a song.

It makes the heart beat wild and warm In many a snowy breast; Ninon de l'Encros and Delorme Were courted and caressed When nigh a hundred years had passed;

In revel and romance They held in homage to the last The royal rakes of France.

Why ponder over pagan creed,
Of Epicurus' cult,
Or in Time's rusty roster read,
Or Pleasure's page consult,
When in the living flesh we see,
Lusty and all alive,
One who has climbed the years till he
Sits throned on Eighty-five.

Bohemia's bards his triumphs sing, Her sons and sages raise
Their voices till the rafters ring
The echo back with praise;
They love the Genius of their joys,
The Master of their mirth—
Mirth that no malice e'er alloys,
And Wit and Wisdom's worth.

Their King of Revels who can drive Their grief and gloom away; Their Priest of Pleasure who can Their thirsting souls next day;
Hesper may herald in the feast,
The glasses clink and foam,
Till Eros flushes in the East
And all have wandered home.

Then fresh as one whose night has passed In slumber till the dawn,

He lingers on until the last Bold bacchanal has gone; He proves that Pleasure's cup may bring A blessing, not a blight; for him it holds no adder's sting, But Life's elixir bright.

And so he laughs at Time, who lays
On him the lightest load,
And when in Pleasure's path he strays
He finds few thorns to goad;
His is the best philosophy,
The wisdom that outwears
All other creeds, and we shall see
Him live a hundred years.

Now let the jest and laughter lull,
The glasses cease to clink.
The Owl who sits on sorrow's skull
Gives you this toast to drink:
We've seen him turn night unto day, December into June, May the Lord long love him, we pray, Nor call for him too soon. —Louis A. Robertson.

In days all dim and distant now, Some five and twenty years agone, When first I took Bohemia's vow Of "One for all and all for one," mind me of the merry crew. The clinking glass, the joyous rout, The laugh that ever broke anew And Uncle George's voice trolled out, Easy, my man, easy!

We loved him then; the grizzled head, The genial face, the kindling eye, he smile that radiance seemed to shed Like sunlight from a summer sky;
And whatsoe'er the feud or fight.
The tinge of bitterness died out,
The argument of wrong or right
All ended when his voice trolled out.
Easy, my man, easy!

The years have come, the years have gone. Bohemia grown to rich estate, No longer fears persistent dun,
Nor dreads the sheriff at the gate.
But still we know the merry crew,
The clinking giass, the merry rout,
The laugh that ever breaks anew,
And Uncle George's voice trolis out,
Easy my man easy.

Easy, my man, easy! The kindly hand-grasp, just as warm; The brotherhood; the gentle

The brotherhood; the gentle thought;
The fellow-feeling's simple charm,
Only in wider circle taught.
And young hearts, like the old, now beat For Uncle George. A louder shout

Than erst on Sacramento Street
Gives chorus when his voice trolls out
Easy, my man, casy! Ah, not alone to us the truth,
The lesson of his life may reach
Through all the world, for age as youth, A gentle soul may something teach.

n him Bohemia's spirit dwells, Through all the years we've heard And in this simple strain there dwells The true philosophy of all-Easy, my man, easy!

The fight for fortune, craze for power, The pain of struggle and of strife For station that may last an hour: Brief triumph of the strenuous life: The rich man, worn with nameless fears.
The poor man broken in the rout.

But wearing five and four-score years, Our Uncle George's voice trolls out, Easy, my man, easy! Four-score and five? I could not tell
The kindling eye, the crown of snow.
The genial face I knew so well,
Ay! five and twenty years ago.
May the years lightly on him rest!
May every hour its blessing bring!
The world loves him who loves it best.
His song to Father Time we sing,
Easy, may man, easy!
—Peter Robertson.

(Continued Saturday, July 24.)

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